

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Now You're Mine"

[Guru]

Yo Duke, you're dead wrong; tou'll never have the skills like mine
I write the ill type rhymes now I'm reaching my prime
360 dunk in your face
You can't compete, you're just a basket case
Let's separate the men from the boys
And put your money where your mouth is, no time for toys
Your game is weak you geek so don't sleep
Cause I'll be checkin ya, wreckin ya, when I start to creep
through the backdoor - I know I caught you out there
You got no clout here, and I doubt there
is anyway that you can stop the beat down
You better play the background, and sit back down
Chumps like you, I gotta keep 'em in line
So prepare to suffer boy, cause now you're mine

[DJ Premier scratching]

[Guru]

I'll fake you left and go right, straight down the lane
Here's one in your eye; you'll feel pain
You strain - to put together some strategy
But you're raggedy, and i'll be glad to see
The frown on your grill when I drill and thrill
Set up my offense, commence to kill
I'll be leadin from beginnin to end
And after I pound ya, you're gonna wanna make friends
And make amends for the silly, trash you were talking
Take a walk and your shots I'm swattin
with ease, and the ladies are swoonin
Clockin my swiftness, while you're droolin
You oughtta practice up and get your game refined
I've been waitin to dog you, and now you're mine

[DJ Premier scratching]

[Guru]

Hurry up sucker, go ahead and pick your squad
Try to play hard.. but I'ma rob
you of your crazy notions to defeat me
You're weak see, I'm rough hardcore
And even be down to give you a rematch
After I wax and tax that butt
When I slam the alley-oop, you can rally troops
But I'll play the awesome defense
I'll pick your pocket, and send you to the bench
With tears in your eyes as you realize the prize is for me

Yes all the money
Son, my form is too nice, my handle's precise
I'll take you right or go left
Because my game's so def, and now you're mine

[DJ Premier scratching]